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ISSUE 2



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© Übernothing Art Review and Literary Magazine
July 2011

www.ubernothing.com

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Cover and logo art courtesy of Theoni Tambaki

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Contributing Artists

These are just some of the artists that have contributed to Übernthing. Here, in their own words, they are immortally personalized.

Aaron Beasley

Aaron Beasley was born in Bradenton, Florida. He studies English at the University of Alabama. He is interested in repositioning (thus reconstituting) utterance as a step toward rehabilitating response, restarting thought. He recognizes the reification of such prefixed renderings and shares the resistant reader's anxiety in the restive plot of regicide for the referential, and likewise reflexive—"for sure, circa Regna tonat." He recommends reformulating the act of reading, as recalcitrant redress, recombinant resorption, and/or recidivist reforestation. That's the advantage of being a reader: to be able to renegotiate (or simply reject) one's experience of a text.

Email: aaronmbeasley@gmail.com

CyberCraft Robots – Sarah Thee Campagna

At **CyberCraft Robots**, our **Orbiting Laboratory** enjoys a semisynchronous orbit, which allows us to examine your entire planet daily. We take advantage of this passage to scrutinize every estate sale (poor buggers), trash heap, bar mitzvah, and bingo parlor for **Secret Robot Parts**.

All around you are objects that appear to be the ordinary detritus of daily life. Yet a small percentage of these objects are actually bits of unassembled **Robot!** Our mission at **CyberCraft Robots** is to covertly collect these seemingly mundane items, and reassemble them into the marvelous **Robots** they were intended to be.

There are two ways to recognize a genuine **CyberCraft Robot**. First, each is identified with a metal nameplate exhibiting the **CyberCraft Logo**. Second, and most importantly, each **CyberCraft Robot** bears a **Mysterious Symbol**, passed down by **Robotkind** for millennia. In some cases the symbol is prominently displayed. Others will require a bit of searching, but the **Symbol** is always there.

The Orbiting Laboratory cannot comment on recent rumors that our Primary Robot Creator is named **Sarah Thee Campagna**.

For more images visit <http://CyberCraftRobots.com> or contact us at info@CyberCraftRobots.com

Melika 'Millie' Hadziomerovic

Melika Hadziomerovic prefers to be called Millie by strangers and close friends. She enjoys Northern climates, ripe peaches, and Nikolai Gogol. She admits she works diligently at a little online magazine aptly titled Übernthing. You can find her films in the rotting basement of a friend, as they're on a dying analogue format, but her articles and reviews can be found anytime on TheDropp.com. She hopes she hasn't discouraged anyone from visiting the Eastern Shore.

Katie Mansfield

2010 MFA University of Connecticut

2006 BFA Tufts University, School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

To see more of Katie's work visit www.ketiemandfield.com

Royce Marcus

Royce Marcus is a recent graduate of film studies and creative writing from the University of North Carolina at Wilmington. He plans to attend graduate school and pursue a doctoral degree in film with the hopes of becoming a professor.

Kym O'donnell

You can experience more of Kym's work at her website www.kymodonnell.com and can be contacted at kym@kymodonnell.com

Brooke Rosen

Visit Brooke Rosen at www.brookrosen.com

Jeffrey James Skatzka

Jeffrey James Skatzka lives with his family.

Bee Sroe

More of Bee Sroe's photography can be found at <http://beesroe.posterous.com>

Editor's Note: Nothing to Note

We'd like to take the first twenty-four of these two hundred ninety-nine words to thank you all for your fantastic submissions and loyal readership.

Pleasantries dispensed.

On to the meat:

Hats off to the dome-bellied seat-spreaders, jawing their way to an early curtain, watching energy invisible through glass-encased, variform emptiness (diodes... not cathodes), so sure of the simple truth that the best in life is fun-sized. And blessings to the barber-shunning/-loving outlaws, flailing tissues left and right to catch a sneezing memory (while circling the pedestal), so sure of the simple truth that no truth is simple.

What's the big idea, and why are they so damn hard to tell apart?

Cough.

Just a little moralization. Gotta get those toes submerged so as to prepare the totem corpus for the deep plunge. It would behoove us (and dehoove the high horse) to remention the purpose of this journal: anyone can be a writer. Whether the mucus still drains from your nascent nose of not-quite-yet-fifteen winters, or your soul quakes in quixotic revelation beneath the arched halls of academia, or you just found some spare paper and why the hell not - we take all kinds. So send us all those dangling thoughts and organized ambitions. Drag your friends out, too. Pester perfect strangers about the burgeoning magazine that is Übernothing. Prior acceptance is no exception. If you've seen your name in forest green upon our page, submit for the next edition.

We, the editors, all squatting in a listing tanker, strung out against the waterfront, would like to present to you: Issue Two. They're some real gems down below, and we hope they do as much for you as they've done for us.

Without further ado,

Dearly signed,

The 'we' that is "me,"

Your editor,

The Scuttlenautic Professor

From The Closet 1

Print with graphite drawing

Katie Lee Mansfield
Newburgh, NY

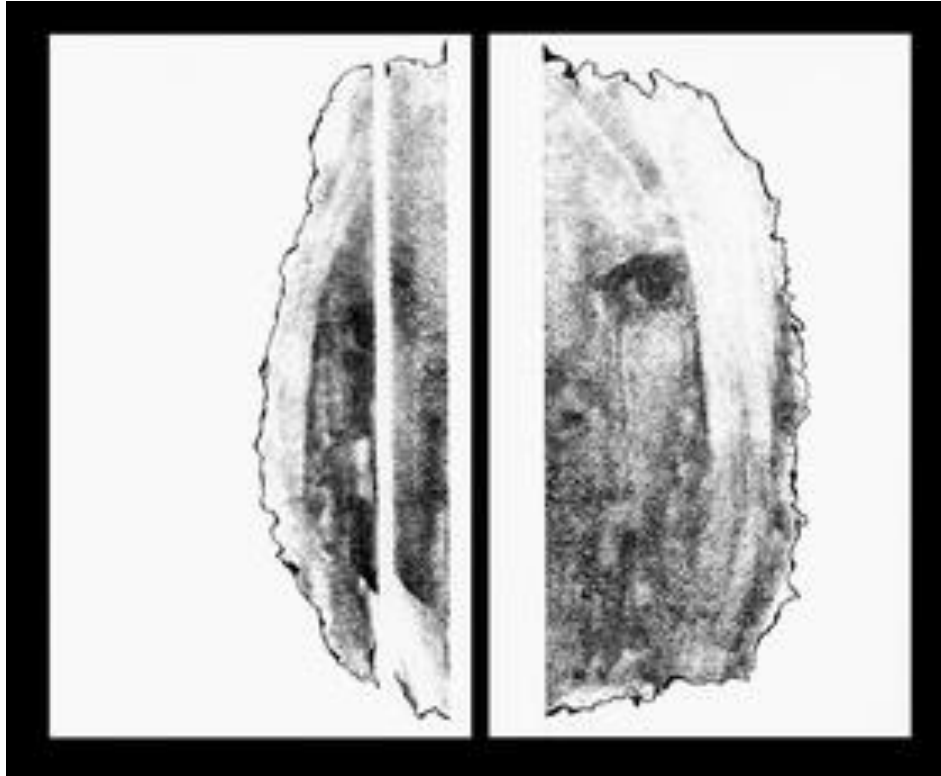


From The Closet 3

Print with graphite drawing

Katie Lee Mansfield

Newburgh, NY



Tranny

Royce Marcus

Wilmington, NC

I don't think your body can handle a C cup. My bones are attached to nothing and float beneath my skin. My jaw inverts, attempts to make words, but the doctor speaks for me: Maybe it would be best if you don't become a woman. Or was that my psychiatrist? Mother will not approve. How will you live without your penis? My penis isn't going anywhere. I love my penis. My shrink doesn't like this answer either. Then why do you want to be a woman? I unbutton her blouse and guide her hand to my cock. How does this make you feel? she asks.

Last night I danced for a young man who aged into a boy when he licked my stomach. He was almost stupid enough to convince himself he didn't like clubs like this. There was so much glitter falling off humans. The air became silver and anything that wasn't was only an absence to say, you are perfect. Playing with his hair, I told him it's easier if you pretend your father's dead.

I leave at five in the morning. Outside, no glitter. At this hour I prefer to breathe the honest carbon; again, my bones break out of their sockets. Adjusting my elbows below the nipples, I daydream.

Pheomelanin

Royce Marcus

Wilmington, NC

At first, I was unsure what to do. You left two strands of coxcomb hair in my car when I took you home. I waited till the dawn erupted, driving without rest, and held them against an orange sun, where they melted through the eastern sky. In that moment of blindness, your hairs became the color of flushed nipples.

I feel their loneliness. Matured, yes, but unready to depart. I'm horrified by the texture gained when absent from your skull: dry, reminiscent of brittle piano wire.

They are dying. The hairs are diaphanous, unable to survive without their life-giver. In a moment of desperation, I swallow them, hoping they may safely hibernate in my belly. Instead, your hairs become alive and dance. I feel them, working into my veins, swimming against the current, hugging the walls before rooting themselves. There, they attempt to bloom, like dandelions.

Green Tapestry

Bee Sroe

Clearwater, FL

The perspective from above looking down on the pattern of the landscaping below made me think of a surreal patchwork view of land from an airplane window.



Benched

Bee Sroe

Clearwater, FL

I was struck by the visual of the bench off by itself while the path almost seemed to stretch around and away from it. It seemed to show a disconnectedness from anyone that might sit on the bench watching life go by.



© B. Reupert

In an Eastern Town

Melika Hadziomerovic

Clearwater, FL

The thin layer of dust on the dime store counter
reveals a clean, soap shaped outline.

On God's Day in [name of city,] an eastern town,
which is mapped by track marks cut
by sea legs,
the potholes are whispered
to be the remaining shapes of Sirens
opening the sand.

Down the avenue, vermillion eyes
from the tops of gravel ships,
scowl as they bump against their long
forgotten graves.
The dying tap their crescents
against the rain on the panels
before reaching Memorial hospital.

A wallet was found face down,
spreading apart like a tide-dumped seagull's wing.
The bones were licked dry.

Now the clerk stares at the inverted imprint
with the mistrust of a relative
who locks the silverware before you come to visit.

He asks you plaintively,
how you've been in the past few days.
While watching the cracks in your palms
to make sure there are granules
stuck in your misery lines before you shake.

An Image Cannot Be Static

Jason Kushner
Christopher Costabile
Corey DeLise
Clearwater, FL

To watch this video go to:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XWTaEbuFUPk>

Roominations

Aaron Beasley

Bradenton, FL

"go away & close the door please"
standing in the moonlight
dancing still
apartmentally combined
of a complex
the fall of the house of
divided / divvied
units of measure
apart
mentally adjacent
the lone figure
and yet all
 is water
 if you look
 awhile

phallic phrasality
cut from its cloth
a man of the
divested difference
a room
its contents
water he says
door closed cold
flush-held thresh
nothing behind
nought before
can you give us names
for Christ sake
"go away & leave the sun in"

ASymm

CyberCraft Robots – Robot Sculptures you will covet Primary Robot Creator – Sarah Thee Campagna

First exhibited at Art Festival Beth-El, St. Petersburg, FL



ASymm is the result of a terrible transporter accident. Before "the incident" he was a medical Robot. He still wears a life support pack on his back, a reminder of those heady days in space. ASymm has adapted to his new form, and today works loading large items into tiny cars at IKEA. He is 11 inches tall, and ways 2.4 lbs including stand. His construction began with the found object that comprises most of his body.



Ford '51

First exhibited at Art Festival Beth-El, St. Petersburg, FL



Ford '51 is equipped and ready to explore your airless moon or mining asteroid. He can even perform extravehicular repairs while in transit. Ford gets his name from the preexisting handwritten label on his '51 Ford solenoid body. However, the concept for this Robot started with the metal piece that forms his eyes and face. This broken bit was found on the work bench of a friend. He is 10 inches tall and 2 lbs, including stand.



Roddy Mantis...

First exhibited at Sci Fi July, Studio @, St. Petersburg, FL

Roddy is an old maintenance Robot – the only thing he maintains these days is himself! He is 14 inches tall and weighs 5.3 lbs.

Roddy gets his first name from the engine rod that makes up his head stalk, and his last name from the overall sense of Praying Mantis relayed by his head, arms, and hands. The extra joint in the arms adds to the creep factor. Yet with that face one can't help but love him.



Resistor

First exhibited at Art Festival Beth-El, St. Petersburg, FL

Resistor is not a big fan of change. He thinks "this digital thing" is just a fad. His vast collection of vacuum tubes will stand him in good stead after the coming Analog Revolution. He is 15" tall and refuses to be weighed on our digital scale.

The Weston Electric resistor that is his body was once part of a wonderful, huge radio - as large as a piece of furniture. Don't panic collectors - if the resistor had been functioning, we would never have "ruined" it.



memoirs

Aimee X Lund

Mile End, Montreal

i convinced you to buy that shirt because in my head i imagined taking it off you, frustrated fists-of-buttons and brown soft flannel jumbled against the pile of sofa cushions lining the wall - not too far from your bed.

once upon a time i used to fuck men in plaid lumberjack shirts when i first moved to this city - saw the canoe paddle over the door of the first date and just knew i'd have his dick in my mouth in 5ive mins time

i wanted to go home, someone, anyone to take me HOME.

missed my father my sisters

missed all

all

the wilderness tips came back, a thousand kilometers away regardless of whether you've had to stare down a bear in the middle of the trail.

US kids spend time popping strips of caps on the sidewalk with

jagged rocks, or.....

things more intimate

but still,

the mountain man cliché got under my skin; made me ache for smoke

until i went around sealing my mouth second-handedly over every smoker i could find.

walked around with dead little fires in my mouth all the time, wanting more and more ash.

In the goodwill, when i held the small men's shirt up against your chest, you shrugged, crinkled your nose at the colour and made a joke about your cup size and the narrow, straight lines of the fabric.

i blurted 'try it on', and threw it in the cart, scuttling us both

towards the dressing room.

by the time you emerged it was already summer time, and not just in my mind....

as i stared you fiddled shyly with the buttons and stared at the gap in the fabric at your chest. i wanted you to be in the places i had been - one long ribbon of nickel tailings against the fractured surface of our post-extraction outback.

and in your way you were; standing there, outlined, one bright line.

Castles

Jeffrey James Skatzka

steps keys locks and the walls are cold colder than stillness and
black

floors open up cold and gray weather with your hunger-year etched
on your boat

so there may be an account of your beginning because you are the
rise of lights

along the creep of authority there your flags are building
testimonials--

achievement thus period the unordered walkways are vistas to a
while

so that the time if measured by the hours removed is brilliant

Three Poems

i wrote a poem for my mom or classrooms

Jeffrey James Skatzka

with blue eyes fixed permanently on shakespeare's sleep, and while i hugged her, she began to fall apart. her body was dead and her face, held frozen, looked caught off guard. her heart exploded and what is colder than a weak heart? i store pieces of her inside of my daughter. my mother is dead and i store pieces
of
her
in
side
of
my
da
ugh
ter.

"eric don't do that"

after Jeffrey James Skatzka

P.A.J. Akors

my brother launched out from his room—a sound like beating crows' wings—gun in hand. he'd been locked there all day with father crashing red-faced against the door and mother, distended veins rushing through all the colors on the Italian flag. "eric, don't do that," i whimpered from my doorway into his—but he holed up in the bathroom instead, slamming fists through walls, spilling bullets in the sink, and
to
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is
day
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er
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ves.

quiet choir

after Jeffrey James Skatzka

Aimee X Lund

there goes jesus screamed my sister, wheeling his cross on a little suitcase castor over each of the streetcar tracks, clunk, clunk, clunk, while a man in a roman soldier suit with the quilted chest plate made to look like rippling abdominal muscles grunted out a few tepid commands, tried to crack his costume whip. with the quiet choir of grandmothers flowing this horror show flotilla of old men behind him pushing the wooden effigy, there went jesus, sweet dear lord, jesus went before us, bleeding sugar-red all over his

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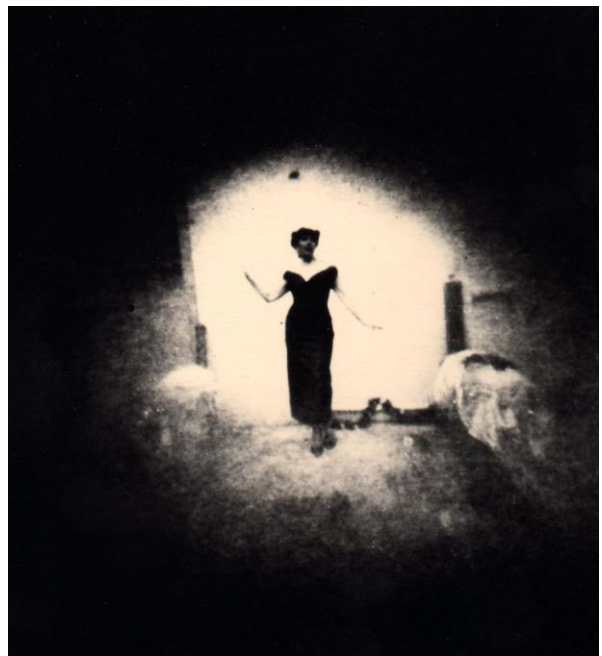
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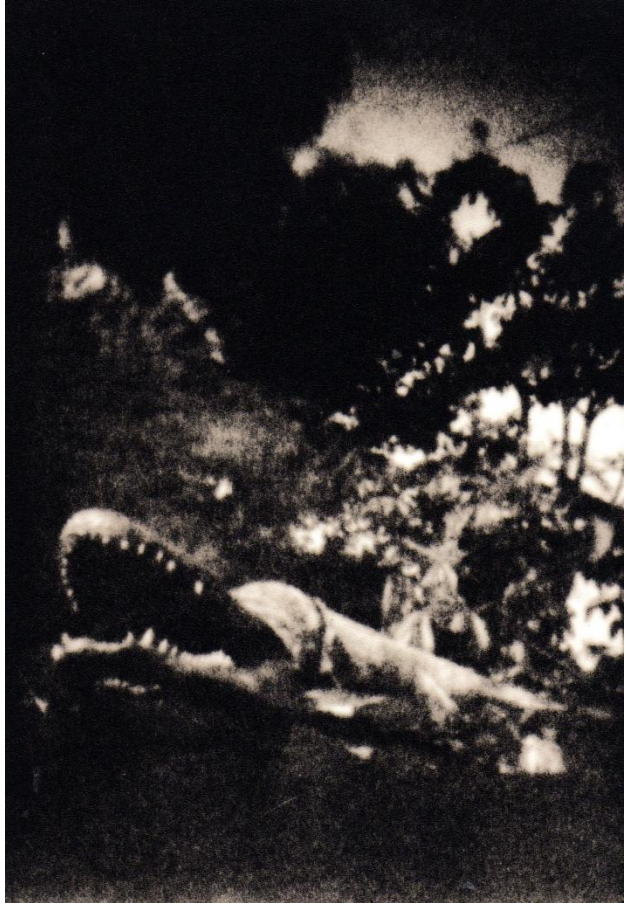
Untitled from the Postcards From Xanth series

Kym O'Donnell
Tampa, FL

First Exhibited at the OFFO Festival of Pinhole Photography in Jastrzebie, Poland in September 2009 at the gallery Magazyn 22. They later traveled to the Museum of the History of Photography in Bydgoszyz, Poland in December.

The images were created on a variety of homemade pinhole cameras in 2009 for inclusion in a Polish festival of pinhole photography. The series was entitled 'Postcards From Xanth', inspired in part by the fantasy novels of Piers Anthony.





Dear Roomie

Brooke Rosen

New York, NY

People are lonely. For whatever reason, people are filled with holes and every once in a while they sit down at home and realize there's something missing. People puncture for all sorts of reasons, and they'll stuff themselves with anything from pig fat to poetry to keep their punctures from showing.

We sat in a circle, sinking into the ground and letting the dirt in. It was January in the south – a new year. You touched me, and we started laughing and laughing until we were crying, and we cried for days and decayed in the sun. You were the first girl I ever laughed with like that.

It was warm. We all took our coats off, stretching and feeling ourselves in our skin – expanding to our potential. We stood there, looking around at this new world and growing with it. Bones yawning, skin blushing, virgin again. Your hair burned in the sun and we fell back into a net of old pine. Breathing.

We got back indoors and we were taking bites out of walls. No one wanted to be there. Nothing was growing. My lease ended. We stopped talking.

A month later, I was in Manhattan doing an interview for The Spectator. That's not really why I was there. I moved there a week after I told you I was beginning a job as a teacher. The gig didn't start for a while, but I figured I'd head over and get the lay of the land.

People walk in the city. Most of them are lonely and live alone in boxes stacked high and moving all the time. Buildings are built that way – to move. If they didn't sway a little, they'd break. It's the wind up there. The clouds whip around, graying all the time, forming friction-symphonies with the skyscrapers.

After the Spectator interview I met my new roommate. Her name was Alison. She cut herself and had paintings of Betty Friedan on the ceiling. It was poetic.

A couple weeks after moving in we went to the skin doctor together. Alison had her cutting thing, and I developed eczema on my hands from moving to a drier climate. We were sitting in the waiting room when a girl came out crying. Alison laughed.

"What was that about?"

There was a heavy pause. The whole room felt it.

"Maybe he raped her," I whispered.

Alison left without seeing the doctor.

People are lonely. Not you though, you never seemed lonely. Maybe that's what we did for each other. Maybe that's why we cried.

Alison sat on her bed and picked at her nails. She carved them with her teeth until they were perfect, annihilated. Her handwriting was like that too.

It was winter, which meant thousands of New Yorkers curled up under wool blankets, hallucinating beaches and popcorn and sunscreen. Masturbating to the sun. Alison's blanket was pink. She'd had it since she was born.

In March, Alison stopped talking. She wasn't mute; our schedules just didn't match up. So as far as I was concerned, she stopped talking. At night, I could hear her moving in the kitchen –

boiling water and putting away the dishes. It was nice knowing someone was there. She got a job offer as a research assistant with some LGBT organization in California, so I turned her room into a conservatory and became friends with the florist in room 9.

Weeks went by, and I didn't write you because there was too much to say. I kept thinking about the girl at the doctor's office, and why she scared me so much. I would think about it on the way home and then do laundry, file papers and clean the bathroom. It became a ritual. I would think about you too, and moving back. But nothing ever became permanent so I just went on teaching and dreaming about growing things. You understand, don't you? I wanted to move back, but there was a sadness in that city I hadn't figured out.

Turns out Alison was bipolar. Doesn't surprise me. Well, I guess it did at the time. It was a year after she'd moved out when she told me. She texted me that she'd tried to jump out of her window. Said she'd been wanting to get in touch.

After that my mom wouldn't stop yapping at me to talk to someone – a psychiatrist or psychologist or anyone. I should never have told her about Alison; my mother is sensitive.

I began seeing this woman who my brother used to talk to when he was first coming out. Her name was Dr. Lorraine Kelley. She made me stare at piles of un-filed paper without fixing them. She made me watch as she spilled water on the couch. Stuff like that. I guess I shouldn't have told her about my cleaning rituals. I finally brought up the girl at the doctor's office, and Lorraine gave me the details on a support group she thought I'd find helpful.

When someone experiences a trauma, they get stuck in it. Thousands of people go to therapy to re-live their traumas over and over until they don't have to anymore. Until their holes begin to sew shut, and the skin grows full and healthy.

Group was on 3rd and avenue C-Alphabet City. Two skinny white girls, one Latino woman from the Bronx and a teacher. Two teachers, if you include me. The place was next to an auto repair shop, an unmarked door on the corner of the intersection. The space was used at night to do Avant guard performance pieces, most of which were musical. Five bucks. There was a woman with dyed red hair on the piano. She was in her sixties, wearing a long, dark green gown, hitting the keys on the piano with her fists. The violence slowed. Her head hung low. Her body was at the liberty of the sound. She was playing a 1930s show tune – something straight out of a Buzz Berkeley film. Then some flautist joined her and the whole thing went to chaos.

Anyway.

Group was once a week. This must mean something good. I mean, AA met almost every day, so meeting once a week must mean there wasn't much wrong with us – that we were functioning in all of the important ways. It took me a few weeks to even consider the concept of not functioning, of having something wrong at all.

Most of the girls had it worse than me. One girl in particular. I'm not allowed to say her name, but her father and her grandfather would get together when she was little and do it to her in the morning before school. Her mother knew and never said anything.

We re-lived our traumas every week on 3rd and C and soon I started to realize the things that bothered me.

I was standing at one of those smelly meat stands that happen to be on every other corner in Manhattan when a car pulled up to the light. Its windows were tinted, but I could make out the silhouette of a face turning toward me.

Voyeurism is the taking of sexual pleasure in watching without consent, and it's happening everywhere – on the subway, at work, in the laundry room. In people's cars.

I started remembering things. Lorraine and I still met once a week, after work. She had me doing drawings. She called it art-therapy.

"Draw yourself in the rain."

"Draw yourself as a man."

"Draw your family."

Apparently, there's a lot to be said that can't be said.

My job was going well by the way. The hardest part was listening to the kids calling each other names.

"Bitch!"

"Fuck-face!"

"Retard."

Seventh grade is a bad year. I'd come home from work every day and do my rituals – laundry, files, bathroom. I'd water my plants, make my bed, iron my clothes, do the dishes and rearrange things. It was nice being in control.

I went to group for two years, and every week, we made each other feel less and less alone. We would stop each other from disassociating, from drifting off and pretending everything was hearts and stars and rainbows. From saying "nothing's wrong."

One by one, girls left the group. Not because they were "fixed", but because their mother was sick, or they were joining the navy, things like that.

The day I decided to leave, I was on my way to the bus. A guy walking next to me told me I had beautiful eyes. I didn't look at him, but he said that and then followed me for three blocks. I stopped in a corner shop with a back door. He waited outside smoking while I pretended to get some coffee and snuck out the back. I slipped into a hotel lobby and hung out with the doorman, watching the guy run up and down the avenue, looking around. When I got home, I wanted to shower for days. The city is no place to heal, if that's what I was doing. I wanted to live by growing things.

Anyway, just writing to say I miss you. I'm living in North Carolina with a woman named Michelle. She has mice and fish and stuffed bears that she talks with to relieve her anxiety. Go figure. Write me sometime.